

## The Washington Times

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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1907.

Slavery in East Africa.

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, has  
something to say in the London  
Spectator concerning slavery under  
the British flag which is not calcu-  
lated to make him exactly popular  
with those who believe that the un-  
pleasant details of British rule  
should be carefully suppressed. The  
bishop recently passed through the  
town of Mombasa, on the coast of  
British East Africa. Concerning its  
control, he says with considerable  
care for detail:

Over the courthouse the Union Jack  
flies. In that courthouse a judge sits—  
an Englishman—who receives his com-  
mission from his majesty the King. He  
is, moreover, paid by the British gov-  
ernment. The depositions are taken  
down on paper embossed with the royal  
arms, and the processes of the court are  
issued in the name of his majesty.

Having thereby established his  
claim that Great Britain is boss of  
that particular neck of land, he  
continues:

An Arab or Swahili drags a wretched  
slave-woman before this court. "This  
woman is my property," he pleads. She  
denies it. The case is gone into. The  
decision of the judge is given, and the  
claim of this man to this woman as his  
chattel is acknowledged, and she is  
dragged away to continue under the  
aegis of the Union Jack her miserable  
existence of servitude.

The bishop is telling what he  
knows to be true. He is not relying  
upon hearsay evidence. Several  
years ago he contested for a for-  
night a case on behalf of a slave in  
that very town. And he says in con-  
clusion:

The Union Jack may fly as proudly  
as it pleases over the courthouse; the  
slave may fall down as in the melo-  
drama and cry: "Here at least I am  
safe!" but it will be in vain.

This in 1907! Can it be possible  
that England cannot do anything  
about it?

Fortunately Untrue.

John Graham Brooks has been  
talking to the assembly at Chautau-  
qua, N. Y., upon "Money and Mar-  
riage," and out of his wide experi-  
ence, here and elsewhere, he is  
quoted as making this sweeping  
statement:

The power of money over men is al-  
most without limit. A man that has it  
can buy a beautiful woman, straight  
out. Yes, he can buy two, three, I know  
not how many he can buy. Or it may be  
turned about. The woman may have  
the money, and she can buy a man  
next to the king, his grace the gartered  
duke, as she would a bit of blue ribbon  
over the counter. She can buy him as  
she would a pound of tea. Or she can  
buy a lord and get into society, or a  
whole shoal of deeper counts and seedy  
barons.

That is dogmatic. It may seem  
plausible to those who read of the  
doings of society people in Pitts-  
burg, Newport, and New York. Un-  
doubtedly Mr. Brooks believes that  
what he says is true, but it will be  
seen that he qualifies his statement  
at the outset, and admits that the  
power of money over men is not en-  
tirely without limit. Possibly he  
would insist that there is no limit  
to the power of money over women.

John Graham Brooks should be  
told that money cannot buy every-  
thing or almost everything. Its  
power is not almost, or quite, with-  
out limit over men and women. If  
John Graham Brooks does not know  
that, he is not qualified to speak as  
an expert, either at Chautauqua or  
anywhere else. Money can buy many  
things, it is true, but the things  
most to be desired and most essen-  
tial are beyond the purchasing  
power of any steel or oil magnate  
or the degenerate sons of those  
who builded large fortunes.

There are hundreds of men with  
immense resources who could have  
told Mr. Brooks that he is trying to  
create wrong impressions. They  
could have told him that money  
may buy "one, two or three women,"  
as he says, but it will not buy  
the love of one good woman or the  
affection of one true man. Males  
and females who are in the market  
are not all of one class, but they  
are separated only by their price  
tags.

Money cannot buy health, peace  
of mind, and happiness. This is an  
era of large fortunes and of reck-  
less extravagance, but the price of  
all essentials for a well-ordered,  
happy, self-respecting life is still  
beyond the purses of those who  
imagine that they constitute "so-  
ciety" and who themselves are be-  
yond the power of moral disinfect-  
ants. If the time ever comes when  
John Graham Brooks' statements or  
inferences can be accepted with-

out indignant protest, then it will  
be time to despair of this country  
and its people.

### Is This a Conspiracy?

Something ominous marks the  
manner in which the President's de-  
nunciation of nature-fakers is met  
with stories of all kinds from all  
sorts and conditions of men and  
women concerning their remark-  
able experiences with dumb ani-  
mals. The President, if he reads  
one-tenth of the stories now being  
printed concerning the wonderful  
achievements of domestic pets, to  
say nothing of untamed quadru-  
peds, must have made up his mind  
early this that there is a conspiracy  
on foot to give him at least one  
term as president of the Ananias  
club.

Never before at this season were  
there so many tales of cats bringing  
up puppies with maternal devotion  
and generosity. Not for years have  
one-half as many dogs taken it into  
their heads to rear large families of  
orphaned kittens. Not for at least  
twenty years has any one risen to  
claim that toads are responding to  
whistling summonses from the back  
porch, and this is the first year in  
which squirrels climb into second-  
story windows and learn to play  
piano.

In justice to the President's posi-  
tion, we don't like to believe that  
there is a dog in Brighton, where  
Lee's birthday was recently cele-  
brated, which rocks an infant child  
to sleep and composes it for a  
newspaper picture contest, but the  
affidavits are promised. Or, that  
there is a calf in Lynchburg, accord-  
ing to one of the farmers in that  
section, which tries to waltz every  
time a street organ grinder wanders  
out toward the pasture land section  
of the city and begins to turn the  
crank.

Nature-faking is faking, whether it  
concerns wildcats and bears, or cats  
and dogs. And if the nature-fakers  
have organized a conspiracy for the  
purpose of driving Mr. Roosevelt up  
a tree, they have begun well by em-  
ploying good, hard-working press  
agents. But it isn't exactly fair to  
the President of the United States.

### Superlatives Gone Wrong.

"The largest audience that ever  
witnessed an out-of-door produc-  
tion." So begins a news account of  
a performance of "Rip Van Winkle"  
in the Catskills yesterday. The sen-  
tence is a fine illustration of our  
New World predilection for superla-  
tives.

From details further along in the  
dispatch it appears this "largest au-  
dience" numbered 3,000 persons.  
How far that is from exceeding  
other similar gatherings every  
reader of the account ought to  
know.

At Camp Alger, in the course of  
the war with Spain, for example,  
from 10,000 to 15,000 soldiers used  
to gather twice a week for out-of-  
door concerts and dramatic per-  
formances. The Warwick pageant  
assembled twice 5,000 persons, and  
still more. Every Easter Sunday  
sees the capacity of Spanish cir-  
cuses, built to seat from 7,000 to  
10,000, taxed to the utmost. And  
by going back to the day of cus-  
tomary open-air dramatic produc-  
tions we come upon the amphithe-  
aters at Rome, Pozzuoli, Capua, Ital-  
ica, Verona, Tarragona, and El-  
Jem, and the theaters at Athens,  
Epidaurus, Eretria, Sicily, Delphi,  
and Delos, any one of which could  
hold 5,000 in the inner tier of seats,  
and some of which provided benches  
for 50,000 or more.

This performance of "Rip Van  
Winkle," with its background of  
pines, its hills rolling away as they  
did in Rip's own time, on the very  
site of Irving's inspiration, was  
notable enough with 5,000 persons  
attending. Yet, so greatly do we  
love the superlative degree of our  
adjectives, that nine out of every  
ten of us who might have had to  
write of that audience would have  
spoken of it also as "the largest." It  
is a good thing to guard against.

Unfortunately, on the very day  
when John D. explains that he is making  
money solely out of patriotic love for  
the nation, the news tells of new in-  
dicements for violating the nation's  
laws.

If Fifth avenue were not in New  
York, what fun the New York papers  
would have out of the final passing of  
the Fifth avenue stages!

Mrs. Reader seems to be a serial in  
many chapters.

Mr. Roosevelt may be trusted to keep  
his eye on Mr. Hughes. He knows how  
naturally a good man steps up from  
the chair of New York's governor.

Twenty-six automobiles were burned  
in a Brooklyn garage recently, and  
the newspapers estimate the loss at \$10,000.  
It is not so bad as the estimate  
includes the man's prospective  
share of it.

### IN WALL STREET.

"Fakery, spare those lambs!  
Skin not each little deer;  
His fleece we've often clipped,  
And oft we hope to shear."  
It's really very wrong  
to sell him worthless shares;  
He's a friend in us—  
We'll guard him from your snares!  
Your wicked wildcat schemes,  
Your power, deceitful ways,  
Most loudly we condemn;  
They fill us with amazement,  
We'll call the law on you;  
Begone, now, every one!  
We'll fleece all lambs ourselves  
If shearing's to be done.  
—New York World.

## Police in Role of Cupid, Marriage 14 Years Late

Priest Lends Ring and Services, Court Officer  
Does Blushing for Tired Bride, Bride-  
groom Takes the Pledge.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—As they stood  
before the altar it suddenly transpired  
that they had no ring. The priest sup-  
plied one temporarily, meanwhile ex-  
claiming from Patrick Barrett a solemn  
promise that he would get one with the  
proceeds of his first honest day's work.  
So they were married, and Bessie Dunn,  
after fourteen years of waiting, was at  
last legally entitled to bear the name  
she and her children had been known  
by all the while.

Court Officer Probst, who had headed  
the impromptu wedding procession from  
Jefferson Market Court to St. Joseph's  
Church, at Sixth avenue and Waverley

Mrs. Barrett collapsed temporarily,  
then she got out of the church and  
had her husband brought to Jefferson  
Market.

Perhaps she didn't tell her tale prop-



erly-left out some important detail—in  
the noise of the passing "L" trains no  
one but Bridge Officer Foley and the  
court could hear.—for Magistrate Walsh  
said:

"You are not married, you say, so I  
can do nothing except send you to the  
charity department."

He was beginning to fill in a card  
to that august body when Foley leaned  
over and said something that led the  
magistrate to say aside his pen and ask  
a few questions.

Bore Him Five Children.

Then it came out that during the  
fourteen years since Bessie Dunn first  
met Patrick Barrett she had borne him  
five children, and everywhere she had  
been known, introduced by him as his  
wife. Furthermore, she said, he had  
given her no money for three months.

"That isn't quite true," Barrett said.

And that was his only defense.

"Well, this is marriage enough for  
me," the magistrate remarked.

Then he learned that Barrett was a  
lumber yard helper earned on an aver-  
age from \$8 to \$10 a week. Then he said:  
"What do you want me to do, madam?"

"I want to be married," she said.

"What do you want me to do with  
him, then?"

She began to sob softly, and between  
the sobs said:

"I don't want you to do anything, then;  
I'll live with him."

Headed Marriage Procession.

And so it came that Court Officer  
Probst changed his uniform coat for  
civilian attire, and straw hat in hand,  
headed that marriage procession of three  
down the aisle of giggling night bats  
and unornamented drunks to St. Joseph's  
Church.

The veil of secrecy is drawn over what  
the Rev. Father Thomas J. Doyle had to  
say to these triflers with the conventions.

All Probst knew was that the cere-  
mony was performed before the great  
altar in the solemn, empty church; that  
the priest intoned the words of the  
wedding ring, and that he and the housekeeper  
were the only witnesses.

There was one wedding present, a  
small card with a black cross bearing a  
temperance pledge.

Below that, "five years" was written  
in the blank space reserved for it, and  
lower still were the signatures of Pat-  
rick Barrett and Father Doyle.

When they came back to court Probst  
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## SAYS SHE'S UNLUCKY, COULDN'T EVEN DIE

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Such a run of  
ill-luck has pursued Miss Regina Gold-  
ner that when she tried suicide last  
June to end it she was promptly pumped  
out, and held for the grand jury. In  
part II of general sessions, yesterday,  
she told Justice Crain and a jury that  
she was the unluckiest girl in the  
world, and did not care whether she  
lived or died. When they had heard her  
story they agreed with her.

A relative four years ago persuaded  
Miss Goldner to invest her \$200 savings,  
after years of labor as a servant, in a  
restaurant. Customers failed to patron-  
ize the little eating-house, and she lost  
her all. Later, while sleeping one night  
in a cheap lodging-house, the ceiling  
caved in and fell upon her head. Result,  
several weeks in a hospital and a slow  
convalescence.

When things were going better the  
girl went to the country for a week's  
rest, and the habit of blowing out her  
lamp nightly became fixed. She blew  
out the gas when she returned to the  
city, and found herself in Bellevue. On  
leaving the hospital she exchanged for  
a Broadway surface coach, which started  
so suddenly that Miss Goldner was  
thrown to the ground and rendered un-  
conscious. When she came to, a white-  
capped nurse and a surgeon were bend-  
ing over her.

A pin imbedded in her left arm, which  
brought on blood poisoning, was the  
next misadventure. After this ex-  
hausted nature gave way, and two long  
spells of sickness took up her time for  
several months.

It was after her final discharge from  
Bellevue that Miss Goldner walked into  
Central Park, on June 23, and swallowed  
laudanum.

Magistrate House sent her to the  
psychopathic ward, but she was pro-  
nounced sane, and held for the grand  
jury. Judge Crain will endeavor to find  
a reputable home to take her, where  
her disordered nerves may receive treat-  
ment.

### EXCURSIONS.

Marshall Hall is a resort where Sun-  
day may be delightfully spent. All  
kinds of harmless amusements may be  
indulged in, boating, bathing, fishing,  
etc., and Prof. Schroeder's band plays  
sacred concerts that prove enjoyable.

Table d'hôte dinner and meals a la  
carte are served in the well appointed  
dining hall all day and evening. The  
dairy lunch will serve those who only  
want for light lunch. Those who want  
to escape the heat can spend the day at  
Marshall Hall, where it is always cool.

Steamer Harry Randall will make  
three trips tomorrow, leaving at 11 a.  
m., 2:30 and 6:30 p. m.

The week-end trips of the big and  
fast steamer St. Johns to Colonial  
Beach, the Atlantic City of Washing-  
ton, affords a most excellent opportu-  
nity for a twenty-nine-hour trip to sail  
water and a chance to take several  
good salt-water baths before returning  
Sunday night.

The steamer St. Johns will leave  
here at 10:30 p. m. Scope will be  
5:45 o'clock this afternoon, make a flying trip  
to the beach, and after landing her pas-  
sengers will make the trip either  
trip, leaving here at 8:45 o'clock Sunday  
morning. Those who go to the resort  
on the Sunday trip will have several  
hours in which to enjoy a bath in the  
briny Potomac, to go crabbing, and  
fishing, or to enjoy the many other  
amusements that can be had at the  
beach. The big, modern bathhouse  
which has just been built by the Wash-  
ington and Potomac Steamboat Com-  
pany is in use. It is a fine building,  
fitted up with shower baths and other  
equipment for the comfort and pleas-  
ure of the bathers. These hot  
days the ride of 100 miles on the breezy  
Potomac is particularly enjoyable, and  
those who wish to make the trip either  
Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning  
need not fear being crowded on the big  
steamer St. Johns. On the trip home-  
ward, Sunday, the steamer will leave  
the beach at 6 p. m., and will arrive  
here about 10:30 p. m. Scope will be  
made at Alexandria on all trips. The  
music and dancing on the week-day  
trips are features much enjoyed, particu-  
larly by the young people.

The steamer Harry Randall will make  
another of those pleasant evening runs  
on the river tomorrow evening, leaving  
here at 6:30 o'clock, and returning will  
arrive here at about 10:30 p. m. These  
evening runs on the river are particu-  
larly enjoyable these hot days, and as  
the steamer sails down the Potomac to-  
morrow concert music will be rendered  
by the orchestra, under the leadership  
of Prof. Charles A. Crain, in an address be-  
fore the Chautauqua Lawyers' Club yes-  
terday. Incidentally, the judge believes  
that commercialism has caused a deterio-  
ration